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William B. E. B.



THE
HISTORY AND ADVENTURES
OF
LITTLE WILLIAM,

A COMPANION TO
LITTLE ELIZA;

Illustrated with a series of Elegant Figures.

William at Home with his Parents.

See lovely William, his dear parent's joy,
Their hearts are fix'd upon the charming boy:
His health and comfort is their daily care,
And for him blessings are their constant pray'r.
See with what innocent and sweet delight
He dwells upon the beauties of his kite;
Unclouded pass his harmless happy days,
And now he rests, and now again he plays;
Now by his parents fondly he's cared,
And tender joy o'erwhelms his little breast;
Then goes to school, and goes with little pain,
He soon comes home, and goes to play again.

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1815.

William becomes a Bluecoat-Boy.

FROM idle play and scenes of trivial joy,
See William now a studious Bluecoat-boy;
But soft indulgence of his parents kind,
Make school restraints lay heavy on his mind;
And small persuasion on a luckless day,
Tempt him to leave his school and run away;
With timid steps he often looks behind,
Now fear and guilt first occupy his mind;
He went not home, lest brought to school again,
He there should suffer double tasks and shame;
He enters now on board a man of war,
And soon becomes a jovial little Tar.



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William's a Sailor.

His bluecoat left, a jacket now he wears,
And the ship duties are his only cares;
Cheerful of heart, see lovely William dance,
And hopes to conquer all the ships of France.
The battle comes, he meets it with good heart,
And as he should do, plays a Hero's part;
Now he is boarding, see how he prevails,
No standing foe but him he soon assails,
Nor falling foe but him he soon bewails.
The Tars admire the lovely, dauntless boy,
And drink his health with boundless shouts of joy.

William advanced to the rank of Midshipman.

In various climes his country's foes he fights,
In heroism William now delights;
The Captain sees him with a heartfelt joy,
And makes a Midshipman the noble boy;
With modest blushes William's cheeks are dy'd,
With heart elate, but not elate with pride:
His emulation now is all on fire,
To fight his country's battles his desire.
By all the crew brave William is lov'd,
For ev'ry sailor his good nature prov'd:
Tho' in the battle like a lion seen,
In peace a lamb, so gentle is his mien.







The ship is wrecked, and William alone is saved.

But now the ship is in a tempest tost,
She strikes a rock, and all but one is lost—
That one is William, cast upon the shore,
He has lost his ship, and all his little store;
There he is left, half naked and forlorn,
And every comfort from his bosom torn,
Nothing to cover his poor houseless head,
He wanders fainting for a little bread;
Now he laments he left his school and home,
And on the ocean disobedient roam;
Severe remorse his tortur'd bosom wring,
And his past pleasure now becomes a sting.

William turned Shepherd.

Along the pathless strand in grief severe
Poor William totters, dropping many a tear ;
And travell'd on till near approach of night,
At length a cottage blest his longing sight,
The Farmer and his family with joy
Come to the door and welcome in the boy ;
The farmer kindly pities his sad case,
And gives him all he can—a Shepherd's place,
To watch the sheep upon the mountain's brow,
And tend the lambs, is William's duty now :
See where he sits, his parents sad to moan,
And lay a plan by which he may return.









William turned Ballad-Singer.

To see his parents now his bosom burns,
Now fear and hope possess his heart by turns;
To gain a living as he trudg'd along,
A ballad sold, and often sung the song;
Thus travell'd singing on the weary way,
William just got a morsel every day.
Tho' poor and hungry, happy on the road
That leads him to his parent's blest abode :
His legs are tir'd, and yet he feels no pain,
In hopes to rest in his lost home again,
And journeys homeward, trav'ling day and night,
The nearer home the more his heart grows light.

William restored to his Parents.

Near home arriv'd, he sung a lovely lay,
His parents chanced to walk beside the way;
Surpris'd, they saw their darling child with joy,
Nor less enraptur'd was the happy boy :
Home they return'd with each a throbbing heart,
Resolv'd henceforward never more to part.
See now at home, and reading his new book,
Joy in his heart, and pleasure in his look ;
He obeys his parents now with a good will,
What they command neglects not to fulfil ;
Thus for the past he amply makes amends,
And is a blessing to his dearest friends.

FINIS.







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